

Musarum Oxoniensium
CHARISTERIA

PRO
SERENISSIMA
REGINA
MARIA.

RECENS
E NIXUS LABORIOSI
discrimine recepta.



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OXONIAE,
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A D
SERENISSIMVM
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*A*role, dum nostræ scandunt Capitolia Musæ,
Atq; audent Numen sollicitare Tuum:
Da veniam facilis: Pietas nã promptior odit,
Et spernit, lentas officiosa moras.
Non solum luctus, sed & ipsa, repagula pulsant,
Gaudia, carceribus non benè clausa suis.
Nec *MARIÆ* tantum, *Tua* sunt *Sotéria*, *Cæsar*,
Conjuge Qui solum sospite, sospes eris.
Funera si qua sient, Ne funera sunt; *MARIA*
(*Fætæq; Carolidum*) Borbonis, Ipsa viget.

A 2

Et

Musarum Oxoniensium

Et deploratæ ut major sit gloria plantæ,
Quæ non sperato pinxit honore solum,
Et brumæ domitrix sævæ, victricia pandit
Germina; sic Conjux (R E X) Tibi Sponsa reдит.
Haud igitur Sacrum pulsant nova carmina limen,
Sed priscâ colimus Relligione Fidem:
Nam faciem Primæ, repetitaq; gaudia Tedæ
Isiadûm, renovat carmine, læta cohors.
Phæbe fave: nam læta nimis, sine crimine, nulla:
At pietas, vel sic, displicuisse cupit.

AD REGINAM.

At Te (*Diva Parens*) quo carmine compellabo?
An facit ad threnos barbitos ulla tuos?
Freta tuo CAROLO nos turba, humilisque, Tuiq;
Misimus Jsiacis pignora nata Vadis.
Rex dator ingenii est; vix credimus, Auspice Tanto,
Cæpta, Patrocinio posse carere Tuo.

A. FREWEN *Vicecan. Oxon.*

& Præfident Coll. Magd.

CHARISTERIA.



PArum est beasse Principum Regnum choro,
Quin ecce pergis Cælitum Turbam tuâ
Augere Prole, quæ, cum avitas eluit
Labes in Vndâ capite demerso, petit
Superos, & Astra scandit innocentior?
Sic ex onusto flosculos decerpimus
Ramo, ut ministret largiore scenore
Fructum. Nec unquam desinat fœcundiùs
Gemmare CAROLI Vitis! usq; pullulet
Novâ propagine Principum! qui strenuâ
Manu fugabunt Hostium Turmas, suas
Aras tuentes; qui domabunt impiis
Accensa facibus pectora; sacrasq; Insulas
Calcare Vulgus fordidum ægrius sinent.

IACOBUS HERBERTUS, *Philippi*
Com. Pemb. & Montgom. Filius
natus tertius. è Coll. Iesu.



AStra Iubent meliore Dies procedere Fato,
Scilicet Inviçtas superavit Foemina Parcas,
Atq; exarmavit virtute pericula Mortis.
Non Leve munus habent, non pignus inane Britanni,
A 3 Felici

Musarum Oxoniensium

Felici cursu properare negotia Regni
Cætera: Relq; suas (Cælo distante) probatas.

I. A. LEVINGSTON *Baronettus*
Coll. Merton.



Discusso gemini, Sospes, discrimine fati,
Corpora quod simplex solvere firma solet,
Pignora habes seræ geminata, *Maria*, senectæ,
Deliqui hinc victrix, inde Puerperii.

Vovisti, quod Matre piâ, quod Principe dignum,
Ut Regina foret, quæ tibi Nata fuit.
Fit Regina; ad Regnum abiit, Baptismate sacro
Quæ simulac tincta est, stamine rupto, obiit.

ROB. PINCK *Cust.*
Call. Nov.



Qui non convalescitius Regina, mariti
Quæ potuit tacu convalescere sui?

Quis

CHARISTERIA

Quis morbum in CAROLI manibus MARIA esse negarit,
Æquè cùm fuerit Regius, atq; suus?

THOMAS LAURENCE *Magister*
Coll. Bal.



Mater frequente ò Clara propagine,
Cælum Deabus, Diisq; solum replens,
Divisa germinum tuorum
Fata feras animo sereno.

Nam quinq; Nobis & Tibi palmites
Læti Superfunt, æquum erit ut Deo
Primumq; septimumq; partum
Denumeres vicibus sacratis.

Vites amatas Vinitor amputat;
Fæcundiores reddit & amputans;
Fæcunditate nec venustæ
Gratia decutitur Figuræ.

De Forma ocellos consule Conjugis;
Nummosq; vivos, inspice Parvulos;
Et cula corda subditorum.
Tot Speculis, Dea, crede veris.

Pulchra

Musarum Oxoniensium

Pulchra est Figura, at pulchrior est salus;
Grata est Propago, at gratius Arbutum;
Tu Prole diminuta es Vnâ,
Vnica sed Genitrix superstat.

Tu parturibas Pignora, nosq; Te:
Mittatur agrè accepta puellula;
Tu salva funus hoc repensas;
Nam peperit tua Terra matrem.

Guil. Strode S. T.
Prof. Orator Publicus,
ex Aede Christi.



ΕΝ Τῇ γαστέρι Ἀδοι ἔχουσ', ὀλέκοντο ὃ αὐτοί,
Εν τῇ γαστέρ' ἔχει Βασιλείαν, καὶ πῆμ' ἀλείπει.
Ἀμφότεροι κομῶσι ποτὶ Ζεὺς, ὃ γὰρ τῆς ἰσοκράτους
Ἐμμεναι Ἀδύνατον (μέγα δόγμα) ἐστὶν πλάττειν.
Τὸ τοῦ Θεοῦ φίλον ὅτι· Τὸν Βασιλεὺς ἀναστῆναι
Ἐβδωμάς τιλὴν Ψηφιδέν, τὸ ὃ βραδύς.

Ρόδος, ὃ Μέγας ἐκ τῆς
Μαλῆς φέρει.

Qui

CHARISTERIA.

Qui primos alacri celebrârunt carmine Partus,
Condignos solum nato de Principe plausus
Edebant, spemq; omnem istâc & vota ferentes,
Forte pio satis, at curto & languente calore,
Obliti salvæ Soteria debita Matri.

Scilicet haud nôrat cælebs hæc turba togarum
Virginibus sueta Aonijs, uniq; labori
Conscia, prægnantis Cerebri, quàm ingentia Matrum
Tormina Lucinam vocitent, torvæq; dolores
Vel Iunonis opem exorent, tamq; impete miro
Naturam lanient ipso mœrore stupentem,
Ut veram referant haud vana pericula mortem.

Hic monstrat partus quanti fuit esse Parentem,
Exprobrat ignavis nimium frigentia Musis
Gaudia, Meïoses humiles, veroq; minores.
Iam primum scimus quantum Lucina, Maria,
Quantum de nobis meruit, Quantum illa pepercit.
Et tamen hæc subiit. Fas est hoc discere damno
Quo pretio CAROLI Bini, Ternæq; MARIÆ
Censendi, quantoq; hos quæ tanti emerit omnes.

En, Vates, majus solito, & quàm sensimus antè
Faustius urget opus quos antè Infantia nati
Principis, atq; latens in cunis grande poposcit
Omen, nunc Virtus Matura exercet, Adultæ
Natæ hodiè spes sunt, Cantanda Genethlia Matri,
Reginæ ad vitam reduci, enixæq; seipsam.

En Gentilitiis dignè Natalibus ista
Accensenda Dies, longè & meliore lapillo.
Nata iterum est nobis, cui tot Natalla festa
Debemus, cui tot pariter debemus olim.

B

Musarum Oxoniensium

O mites Parcarum iras ! nec ut antea visa est,
Cassam oculis Atropon, cujus cum ferrea nescit
Indulgere manus, tamen eligit, atq; secunda
Stamina contrectans, dubitantis vota popelli
Consultit, atq; illic ubi & optio publica, parcit.
Scilicet ampla licet natæ Ipsæ Principis, atq;
Digna utroq; parente effulserit, at tamen Ejus
Longa foret messis mora, quæ jam nota *Mariam*
Delicias Britonum celebrat, mundi q; stuporem.
Ergo felici redimis pia funere Matrem
Princeps, cumq; mori fiet, orbarive necesse,
Tristius orbari foret. En ut viveret illa,
Et ventura petis multa, & Trias illa Sororum.
Maternas pariter Charites, moreq; docendæ.
Ipsa quoq; in matris periisses morte superstes
Magna ex parte tui, quantumq; ex Matris habendum
Exemplo, haud alias toto est reparabile mundo.

I. CROWDER *Ioan.*



*Ad Lucinam.
Tu Lucina do-
lentibus Iuno
dista puerpe-
ri Cat. in Car.
ad Dianam.*

Qui fit (dic sodes) quod quam modo numine plenâ
Felicemq; suo gestamine vidimus, atrox
Fama ferat gracilem, tristemq; tulisse labores
Vivos, non Prolem ? si sic Ars Te Tua fallat,
Vise Caledonios, nobis Te astare verabo.

Ad Iunonem.

At quæ sacra feram ? quæ figam anathemata Templis
Iuno Tuis ? Tu sola Rosas, Tu Lilia, Tuq;
Quicquid id est quod dulce vocem, quod amabile, charū
(Principis

CHARISTERIA.

(Principis Augustæ cum sis miserata labores)
Es largita. Tuâ quia pulsæ luce tenebræ,
Et data clara dies venturæ nescia noctis,
Quæ modo nigrantes nobis expanderat alas;
Thus, nardum, casia; & quicquid spirat odorum
Terra Sabæa, Tuis grati promittimus aris:
Nec deerunt Pavi; gens plumea tota gregatim,
Ad nidos veluti, se conferet ad Tua Sacra.

ED: DIGGLE Soc. Coll. Magd.



QUàm nos distrahit inquietus error!
Spes inter medias ratosq; plausus
Prorumpunt lachrymæ sororiantes.
Dum vinum Genio, Iovi; vota

Iunctim fundimus, innocente partu
Ut Regina levis beet Maritum,
Lucinamq; habeat faventiolem,
Morbo (quod nimium) periclitatur
Princeps optima, Diva foeminarum,
Et strenam Supero, Serena, Regi
Puram deproperat beatulamq;:
Almi ventris onus, replentis Aulam,
Mixto pignore, Cæsaris Iovisq;.
Quæ jam charior est utriq; solpes
Quo damno propior. Vel inde nobis
Crescunt gaudia; non emenda tanti.

B 2

Sic

Musarum Oxoniensium

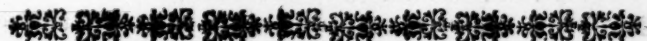
Sic post nubila gravior refulget
Phœbæus Roseo nitore vultus.
At certè, Superi, satis superq;
Hoc est lædere, terruisse vel sic.
Sensit præscia Regios dolores
Et natura parens laborat unâ.
Hoc tanto scelus ambitu paratum:
Hoc prædicere syderata templa,
Et fervens mare, flammeiq; nimbi.
Huc, quicquid vider aut videre credit
Monstrorum timidi stupor popelli,
Aut fingit malè feriatus hostis
Lymphatus vario furore vulgi.
Nocturnam irida; Martiale cœlum
Crebro milite; Pentheosq; Soles:
Et, qui littore lectus è Britanno,
Piscem Sidonio maderetabo:
Quicquidq; insuper ominis sinistri
Huc respexerat. Hostiam per unam,
Puram, Candidulam, sat innocentē,
Et toti patriæ piacularem,
Procurata silent inauspicata
Portenta omnia. Quid timemus ultra
Passa principe quod furunt Achivi?
Sic, O, sic animâ redemptus unâ
(At grandi pretio) favor Tonantis.
qui nunc Angliacas serenat oras,
Qui mitis CAROLO, benignus Aulæ
(Si laurus benè præsciens futuri
Vatum tempora non inanis ambit)

Dignatus.

CHARACTERIA.

**Dignatus dare publicæ salutis,
Hoc, propignore, SOSPITEM MARIAM.**

GER. LANGBAINB C. Reg. S.



A Ve Maria, citimi Mundi stupor,
Seu Te coruscæ Frontis illustrat Decor,
Palmaris ille frontis & genæ Decor:
Seu facta Matris viscera, & gemini Globi
Vndantium cremore Lactis uberum.
Parumne visum est Equor, insulas, solum
Cessisse sorti Regiæ Amplitudinis,
Nisi & supremo prævium Munus Polo
Præcedat Arrha, subseciva Corporis
Hypotheca Castiæ Sponsione congruâ,
Maritat Astra; nec tamen pignus prius.
Altare tinxit sanguinis succo sui,
Quam fronte cepit Labari sparsâ notam,
Insigne Christi, protinus Lustralibus
Purgata lymphis fluminis vivi Vado
Intaminatum liberat nævo Caput.
Catharina terrâ Virginali purior,
Gentile Munus Stemmatis specimen Tui,
Vt Christianam Galla parturiat Nurus.

S. EVANS LL. BAC. N. C.

B 3

Audience



A Vdin? Quinq;, Puer, mihi Pocula, & Altera Quinq;
Vrit Fida mihi guttura, Fida Sitis.
Nostra *Maria* venit, jam Nostra *Maria* Secundò:
Bis habeat Cyathum litera quæq; suum.
Da Magni *Caroli*, *Caroli* da deinde Minoris,
Ordine, quo genuit, Pignora funde, Puer.
Stat Cunctas memorare Rosas, stat Lilia Cuncta:
Dum fas est Flores lætus Vtroq; bibam.
State Viril: nondum ecce Oculis geminata Lucerna est:
Omnia Bina dari Bis data Diva velit.
Quis tamen ô turbas? Aurem ne velle, Minister:
Quid si convenient Festa Severa Togæ?
Euge, agnosco Lubens. Sancta ergo Insania fiat:
Ocyus hùc, Monitor tristis, Acetaferas:
Sed simul & Gemmas. Teretem solvisse Lapillum
Gestio: sic olim, sic Cleopatra bibit.
Antantum poterit Peregrinæ Luxus Amicæ,
Sospite nec Divà fas tamen illud erit:
Fas certè. At lapides, Opulentaq; Gaudia desunt,
Nec Populi in talem sufficit Arca Gulam.
Quà possit tamen accedit: Pretioq; Negato,
Pro Gemmis Lacrymas ebibit ipse suas.

GUIL. CARTWRIGHT *Art. Mag.*
ex Aede Ch.

Dum

CHARISTERIA.



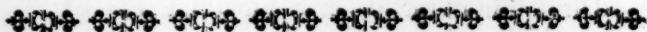
DUm juvat & Cælo paucas, *Regina*, beati
Indulgere vices uteri, partire Britannam
Et Superis Aulam, & Generis misercere Divum,
Quod sic nobilitas, meliori & stemmate misces:
Obligat ista Tui Cælum Clementia, multos
Influat in partus, nostrumq; hoc utile Damnum.
Nam neq; demittis non Cauta, aut Prodigia Naram,
Sed Pactum solvis: Commercia sacra fatemur
Hæc incepta prius, tùm cum Conamina ventris
Prima Tui, & castam Pignus quod ruperat Alvum,
Plantasti Tumulo, sevisti & Messe sepulchrum.
Nunc Lucrû est quodcunq; paras Tibi Posthuma, Multa
Descendet Catarina Venus, Numerusq; revertet.
Ergo Diva sinas, lætâ sub mente, Popellus
Hæc agitet secum; fuit ille ad Gaudia factus,
Is verus, fidusq; uterus, pensare Dolores
Si Proprios posset, poterit neq; fingere nostros,
Non peperit Nobis, nisi quod sibi Tormina, Funus.
Id breve delapsum precioso.è Corpore Fragmen;
Elisum Iubar; aut puræ Coma fulgida Flammæ;
Sydera promittit, Longævaq; Corpora Lucis,
Mox augebit opes excisaq; Lamina nostras,
Quæ tantum velata, aut fortè reposita putetur.
Vt cum Flora Rosam, qualem vix viderit Ipsa,
Protulit, inq; sinum, non sic quoq; parca, vocavit.
Mox ditat generosa Hortum, se maxima vindet
Provocat ad Partus, Gremiumq; animosius omne

Discu.

Musarum Oxoniensium

Discutiens, Cellaq; ac intima Claustra pererrans,
Irrequieta Penum facundaq; viscera prodit,
Et geminat longas tam fausta per Otia vires,
Atq; premit lapsum densis enixibus Annum.

I. MAPLET *Art. Mag.*
ex Ade Ch.



DE caelo properet Camæna, gratum
Pangat Calliope melos, receptæ
Reginæq; novam struat Coronam:
Nam quæ fœmina dignior Coronâ,
Quàm quæ præripuit sibi salutem,
Quò nos efficeret beatiore?
At (*Regina*) tuæ nisi dedissent
Dii mites profugæ manus saluti,
O quàm non faceres beatiorem,
O sed quàm miserum magis popellum!!
Namq; unâ periisset omne tecum
Quòd gratum volumus, quod & decorum,
Immo & Mæonidum melos venustum:
At non hoc superis licere visum,
Ergo Gemmula mitiore fato
Ad sedes properat beata Divûm,
Matris depositum, novâq; demum
Dii salvere jubent salute Matrem:
Hoc, hoc conveniet Lyre iocose,
Iam curæ, lachrymæ, valete, Capsa
Nam, Gemmâ magis æstimanda, restat.

R. MILL *A.M. Col. Mag.*

Surgo

CHARISTERIA.



SUrge, ô, Rosetis Suavior omnibus,
Et delicatis ditior Indis,
Formosa primævi Figura
Numinis, ô, modo Nata Princeps!

Surge, ô, Rosetis Suavior omnibus,
Cui Pulchriori Candida Lilia
(Cum jam Renatam Te salutant)
Mixta Rosis, Violisq; cedunt!
Narcissus illic plenus odoribus,
Hyacinthus illic sanguine discolor,
Mirantur unâ, Sc Colore,
Dum videant, & Odore vinci.

Salve, quæ superas Rosas Colore;
Salve, quæ violas Odore Vincis,
Cui prona cedunt candida Lilia:
(Post hyemem reditura Verna.)
Soles occidere, & redire possunt,
Flores occidere, & redire possunt;
Tu quæ Britannos Luce beas Tuâ,
Tu quæ Britannis promis Aromata,
Quam Sole Nobis gravior advenis!
Quam Floribus Tu suavior advenis!
salve post gemitus *Maria* longos,
Salve post *Carolus* Tuum peritum,
Teq; jam *Maria* Tuæ Renatæ,
Teq; jam *Maria* Tuæ Rogatæ,

C

Carole

Musarum Oxoniensium

Carole, jam juvet usq; Sacro
Hærese Vultu, Sidereum juvet,
Mulcoq; færum Numine, cernere
Pectus, redundantemq; pleno
Ore Deam; Mariamq; Salvam.

ED. MAROW LL. BAC.
Nov. Coll. Soc.



Ο γ δαυες ὁ βρεθ θ' ἔ μ' ἐστ' δαυες· ἀλλὰ σὺ καὶ
Κυεὶδ' ἡ Χειρὶ ὑεγνίοις θαλάμοις,
Τύγακ' σοι θαυρῶν ἔ χ' δ' οὐαν, ἀλλὰ ἔ παύων
Λοιβας, αἰδουαίς ἀρμυδῶς χροῖας.
Δέξασθ' ὃ σωτήρα ἀκνεχτοῖσιν ὅπωπαίς.
Αὐτὲς καὶ γρησις γ' σοι, ἀν' τ' ἀνεσις.

Ναδαραλ' Ἰεσμήναχοι δ' κινδ' αὖ
Ἐ φέρνις ὃ βαλ.



Ω δὲ σὺ ὠδὸς ἡμῶν τέκνον ὁ βασιλεὺς
Ἐβδουον ἡδ' ἔπικας πικρὸν βραχ' ὀδυ-κατάληκτος,
Ἐξάμειρος τ' εἰς πᾶν ἡμῖν ἄλλα μετρήσας
Χάρματα ἢ ἀνωμαλὰ μέγιστος ἐξ ακροστοισι.
Ἐν γ' ὃ δὲ πᾶσι ζῶν ὑεγνῶ ἰούδης ἐλπίσιν!

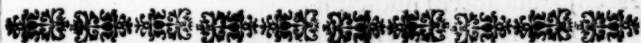
ED. SILVESTER. e Coll. Bal.

CHARISTERIA.



Immanes Partus! Queis vel Lucina laborat;
Atq; suo Triplex Munere victa Dea est.
Naturæ effætæ Nixus! Quibus invidet ipsa:
Quasq; dedit, nimum prodiga, poscit opes.
Virginæ Thalami! faciunt neq; pignora matrem,
Visa parens, gravida, est; Virgo, soluta, fuit.
O fecunda nimis! toties quod naceris Ipsa,
Ipsa, puerperii pars bona, salva Parens.
O fecunda nimis! Sterilis, modò vivere perstes,
Tu Numerum populis, Tu facis Vna Tuis.

HEN. KILLIGREW *Mag. Art.*
ex Aede Ch.



Quod neq; sacrilegum Tonitru; neq; Fulminis ira
Nuper; & ardenti fulmine Grando rubens;
Sola aula est Atropos Semen temerare Deorum:
Et satis ad mortem, non meruisse mori.
Sic nostrî spes magna jaces: sic pænè secuta est
In tumulum Cineres ipsa MARIA Tuos.
Sed CAROLUS Fato est tanto indignatus: & Vnum
Credibile est Parcas Tres timuisse Iovem.

P. ALLIBOND *Coll. Linc. Soc.*

TRanquillitatem ut turbinis impetus,
Nobisq; acutus conciliat fragor
Nitentis audiri ruinæ,
Et volucris Boræ tumultus:
Diffundit alnum se pretiosius
Nimbo remissum ceu jubar hispido,
Phæbi, fugatis jam procellis,
Cum faciem gelafinus ornat:
Sic integratâ lætitiâ salus
Absterfit atræ nubila patriæ;
Et quæ miserta est tot laborum
Numina sic voluit probare.
Pignus tetendit nunc utero grave
Cæleste in auras, quas daret impigrum:
At cujus authorem pudicum
Ponderis esse Iovem putemus.
Iunone quam nescio lividâ
Astante, frustra credidimus Deas.
Nos obstetrices invocatas
Pectinibus digitos plicatas.
Partunda dum non fert dubitans opem,
Charamve differt Egëriam Numa,
Dum Prosa factum Nixiiq;
Ilithyia vetantq; solvi:
Concussa mundi est machina lubrici,
Natura visa est ipsaq; compati
Illigementi Microcosmo,
Archetypo famulata mundo.

Hinc

CHARISTERIA.

Hinc dira nubes fæta tonitruis,
Interq; flammæ, & trepidantium
Duella ventorum, est superbis
Exitium meditata tectis.
Sicura cæli quæ modo vidimus,
Rerum parenti quæ sua fædera,
Quæ salva nobis sat beatis
Spem sobolis dedit & futuræ.
Quid Scorus ergo jam tumidus parit
Nil scire curo : mole ruit suâ,
Quæ semper improvîsa mentis
Vis rapuit, rapietq; gentes..

I. BRESLEY *Art. Mag.*
Nov. Coll. Soc.



EN reduces Cunas, & Certos Gallia partus!
Germina fælîcis quot repetita Tori:
Tu dum Templâ teris, Divasq; Deosq; fatigas,
Vix Annis pariunt Lilia vestra decem:
Plus Nobis Lucina favet: verum æmula Parca,
Mendaci abripuit Pignora nostra Dolo:
Dum se Nutricem Lachesis, jactatq; mamillas,
Traxit ab uberibus Nata Tenella Necem:
Horis quæ rapta est primis, Tenerisq; Diebus,
Non obiit Fati Lege, sed Invidiâ.

M. BERKELEY *M. A. ex A. de Ch.*

Prolem sæpius antè gratulari
Reginæ hîc peperisse gratulamur;
Quos Lucina ferox trahit dolores
Sit fugisse satis: salus Parentis
Multi Principis Arrha nascituri.
Largiri thalamos spei tenellæ,
Regna aut extera præsciente voto
Non jam vatibus est necesse, Cælum
Voti prævenit hîc speiq; summam.
Sic sentit geminum Tenella Partum,
Nascens Candida, purior renascens,
Sacrae aspergine sanctiore Lymphæ
In Lucem edita, Lucis inq; Fontem.

G. GISBY *Ioan.*

Cocuntibus, hoc Anno, Feste Annunt.

Et Pascha.

Incidat in Dominæ Domini cùm (CAROLÆ) Festum,
Anglos, sic referunt, invida fata prement:
Illa, die Domini, Dominâ pariente MARIA,
Tantum-non subito Nos tetigere malo.

H. MAY *A.B.N.C.Soc.*

Quo.

CHARISTERIA.

QUO QUO, Cœlicolæ? quid sit Lucina quod omnes
Acceleret Divas: cur stellas desuper urget
Foemineas? ut nulla ferat nisi Mascula cœlum
Numina! Nixa alios num solvit Leda Gemellos?

Anne novo intumuit Venus alma Cupidine? Quò Quò
Cœlicolæ? seu, quæ mîcat omnibus una Deabus
Pulchrior, Illa ferax jam ventre MARIA Laborat?

Ite precor (sic est) Properate, MARIA Laborat:
Ite, & vel faciles illi concedite Partus,
Vel Vestrum nunquam posthac ascendite cœlum.
Hora illi sit fausta, (nimis tamen Hora) Minutum
Faustum esto; aut si quid brevius, sit faustius Instans.
Ah uteri ne dira ferat maledicta Maria.

Rursus Iô Regina parit. quas fundimus ergo
Lucinæ grates? soteria quanta Maria?
Gaudia quot Carolo? En donant sua Lilia Galli,
Angligenæq; Rosas; At sacram Scorus Olivam
Obtulit: O cœli sacram fert Scorus Olivam,
Et sua vel tandem solemnia Vora, Precesq;

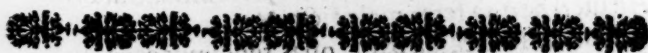
Nempe Maria parit. Quæ verò ut Charior esset
(Charior esse potest si quæ charissima) Placuit
Plebeios passa est Regina, & pauperis Alvi
Tormina: At O Morsus, perfrictæ Audacia Pœnæ!
Siccine sacratum, sic Principis impete Pectus
Aggredere? & tanti constat Matrem esse Maria?
Ah Tanti constat Matrem non esse Maria?
En Ludunt toro ore Rosas ut mixta pudicis
Lilia! ut in hoc uo niveni lac sanguine certet.
Et potes hos Lusus, hæc Prælia dente sequaci
Rodere? nec Tantæ fas est milere scere Formæ?

Quin

Musarum Oxoniensium

Quin *Carolus* te hinc ire jubet Natusq; Paterq; ,
(Conjugis hic, charæ studiosus & ille Parentis)
Anne minis *Caroli* pares Natiq; Patrisq;
Rursus Iô Regina valet: partusq; superstes
Pænis Septenos peragit de Ventre Triumphos:
Gnatamq; eduxit Mater, quam Nectare alendam
Nutrices subiere Deæ, Cujusq; locatas
In Cælo Cunas jam jam rotat ipse Cupido,
Dum placida ad Citharam Phæbus sua Lulla recantet:
Gnatam Immortalem; Gnatam—

G. WILDE Iam.



NEmpe erat ad Partus satis hic Timuisse: solutum
Commotæ Mentis Nutibus exit Onus.
Ad Fastos pariant aliæ, Decimamq; Dianam:
Non Lunæ Arbitrio, sed paris Ipsa Tuo.
Pulchra Sibylla Tuos fundis de pectore partus,
Foeta velut Vates Numine, Menteparis.
Sic rerum hanc Molem facili Nutu edidit Autor,
Artificis Mentis sic fuit Orbis Opus.
Conatus imitare Iovis, partusq; Tonantis:
Grandiaq; ex Nihilo Te genuisse puto.
Pignora fuscipimus tanquàm Mysteria, Matris
Aut Effata, Sacris scriptaq; vota Genis.
Par volucris Dicto, Genioq; simillima proles!
Quam peperisse putes, mox peperisse neges.
Si Radios Animas fas credere, sive Favillas,

CHARISTERIA.

Vt Sol, non haustâ sidera Luce Creas.
Te Totam effundis, Radios nec perdis: & ipsos
Vel per Defectus, conspicienda magis.
Quod prœgnat Gemmas, & Eoî Regna Metallî,
Sic pretiosa parit Damna vel Ipsa Vitrum.
Et Chymicis Alvis ubi dives Pignus aborrit,
Spes alit, & monstrat, non malè perdit Opes.
Sic, Oculos quod vincit Opus, cum Nevit Arachne,
(Rebus enim summis ferre minora licet)
Templa, Deosq; ornans, cum viscera prodiga fudit,
Mirum opus est Operi jam superesse suo.
Sit satis & Coelos Terrasq; Implêsse: Novellam
Vix, qui Progeniem ceperit, Orbiserit.
Nunc vacet Insignem Seriem spectare Laborum,
Sitq; satis Genitum jam numerare Decus.
Invidiam Matrum vicit Numerusq; Decusq;:
Rara capit Numerum, non capit ulla Decus.
Te steriles visunt Matres, fœtæq; recedunt:
Fœcundum regnum Tu quoq; Visa facis.
Iam populi in Thalamis Tua pronuba prœgnat Imago;
Dicitur & Patriæ, picta Tabella, Parens.
Te, Sobolemq; Tuam Cupidæ transcribere, Matres
Omen, & Exemplar fertilitatis habent.
Ora Bibunt, Artusq; stupent, Tabulâq; laborant:
Spes, simulare malè, est: & Decus Error habet.
Archetypa O vivas Mater, Numenq; parentum!
Continuos partus, Numen, & Ora dabunt.
Forsan & hæc solvant parituras Gaudia Matres;
Detq; Puerperium, vel Recitasse Tuum.

R. W A R I N G. A. M. ex Æd. Chr.

D

quod

Musarum Oxoniensium

QUOD Prolem tanto enixa est Regina dolore
Miramur ? sitiens uterum Natura reclusit,
Ut Tantæ imbiberent solatia Principis Angli:
At violenta manus (Lucina absente) pereinit
Spem regni, Matrisq; ausa est tentare salutem.
Nondum purpureas sic dum puer inscius uvas
Colligit, ingrato stringuntur labra sapore;
Quosq; avida viridi rapuisset vimine dextra
Sordida calcatos recipit jam terra racemos:
Sic immaturos dum vellit ab arbore fructus,
Agricolæ, flectens, carpenti furculus obstat,
Et dum progeniem retinet, sequiturq; cadentem,
Frangitur infelix ab amico stipite ramus.

ANT. HODGES A.M. & Coll. Nov.



CAROLUS, togata turba, nos populus tuus,
Ripas ad udas lfidis,
Tibi gratulamur restitutam conjugem,
Post tot pericla sospitem:
Quid si dolores inter, & medios gravis
Partûs labores anxii,
Lucina vultus luridos Contraxerit
Maligna tanto germini?
Salus, Hygeia, & cæteræ faustæ Deæ,
Potentiora Numina,
Vices obibant singulæ famulantium,
Non usitatâ industriâ.

Et

Musarum Oxoniensium

Suisut ortam visceribus inviferet,
Charamq; filiae suae propaginem
Rex, populus expandunt opes, tantae Hospiti
Ut Grata fiant, sumptibus non parcitur.
Contenta ne dum Regiis solennibus
Studiofa pietas filiae in Matrem inclytæ,
Cui gratulandæ, pompa, splendorq; Aulicus
Mendica habentur Curiae conamina,
Molitur illa grandiora munera,
Pignoraq; , proprio ut digna depromat sinu.
Parum benignis tunc licet stellis, statim
Ad vota præceps profiliit Infantula.
Pietas at istud præmium præcox tulit;
Terrena properat dum nimis palatia
Intrare, felix rapitur in Coelestia.

R. BARRELL. A.M. Coll. Magd. Soc.



PRæpropero nisu prodis Brumalis in auras;
Nondum Veris adest (Gemma tenella) dies:
Hinc, simulac lux visa tibi est, amissa, repente
Exincta es, lævo frigore læsa caput.
Sed fallor; miseram hanc felix Infantula vitam
Non petiit, quæ nil, mors nisi tracta diu, est:
A matre accessit Superos, utrumq; reliquit,
Ut posset Coelo liberiore frui:
Immatura solo, Coelo matura; supernam
In patriam, sacro fonte lavata, redit.

Coelitibus,

CHARISTERIA.

Coelitis, nobisq; ferax (*Regina*) fuisti,
Carolus ante datus, jam Catharina datur.

G. ASHWELL A.M. & Soc. C. Wad.

ANte marem, coelo peperit modò provida Natam
Regina, ut sexu donet utroq; Deum.
Illic amplexus, sinceraq; vota Parentum
Concordi referent hi pietate Deo.

Territa produxit (famâ recitante) *Maria*.
Regina obstetrix non bona, Terror erat.
Quæ nata est orbem, mox tanquam territa, liquit;
Nollet, quod Matrem terruit, ipsa pati.

G. GROVE A.M. Coll. Wad.

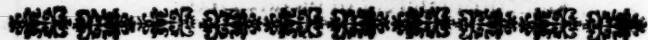
MActe salute Tuâ, *Regina*, & dotibus istis,
Queis ego Te summis annumerabo Viris:
Ostendêre Tui transacta pericula partûs,
Quod teneant animos Fœmina, Masq; pares.
Ambiguæ subeunt ambo discrimina vitæ:
Attamen hic homines enecat, illa parit.

G. BORLASE ex *Æde Chr.*

Musarum Oxoniensium

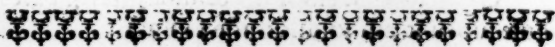
TV jam Nativâ longè sublimior Aulâ,
Augusta in Cunis, summa per Astra volas.
Infantem, Terris Majorem, Regibus ortam,
Regna tenent Pueris unica sorte data,
Vna dedit Binam pariter Fætura; *Maria*
Reginam peperit, Sancta Lavacra deam.
Felices Animæ, minimâ quas Luce piatas
Mittit ad Æternitæ Prima vel Hora Diem!

N. LANGFORD *Jurist. & Coll. Nov.*



QVin jam Plaudenti canimus Sponsalia Regi:
Quæ redit à Mortis Limine, Sponsa nova est.
Ecce Recens Conjux, quæ striclius Oscula figit,
Oscula vel Primos nunc imitata Thoros.
Hinc scis quanta Tuo es *Carolo*, quam chara *Maria*:
Sic placuit Pretium, sic, bene nosse Tuum.
Iam secura potes totis valuisse diebus:
Salva mane: Nihil est, quod Nova damna queant.

I. SACEVIL *Eq. de Baln. fil. nat. max.*
ex Ade Chr.



BIs *Carolo* dilecta Tuo, bis juncta Popello,
Quanta Animis regnas, Morbus utrinq; probat.
Sic pretiosa magis reddit Chrystalla Periculum:
Hæc poteras unâ charior esse viâ.

Fœta

CHARISTERIA

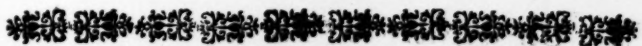
Fœta vel eluso prodis, Regina, labore,
Visa quidem geminam sic peperisse Deam.

T. SACKVIL *Eq. de Baln. fil. nat. min.*
ex Aede Chr.



E Lyfias uteri quum sedes exiit Infans,
Nascendo exilium passa, necisq; vices;
Effusis lacrymis, Coelum mihi reddito, clamat:
Vive Tuo Mater Tempore, vive Meo.
Sic ait: & teneros mox vita recessit in Ortus:
Proq; suo Mater pignore nata sibi est.
Sic Nova de Natis succrescat Vita, Salusq;,
Contingatq; retrò Vivere (Diva) Tibi.

F. HERVEY *Eq. de Baln. fil. nat. max.*
ex Aede Chr.



Reginam gravidam cum nuncia fama tulisset,
Expectans populus gaudia quanta fovet!
Maluit esse Ducem pars hæc, pars illa Ducissam:
Regia dum Proles, sexus uterq; placet.
Ecce novo fulcro, natus si filius esset,
Regna Britannorum Constabilita forent;
Ast ô sinceræ discordes pace ligaret
Gentes, regali filia nupta toro.
Dum dubitat pareretne Marem, pareretve Puellam,
Hunc uteri foetum Consecrat Ipsa Deo.

T. DAUNT *Arm. fil. nat. max. Col. Linc.*

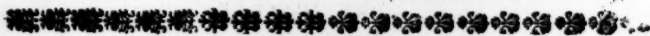
Immites parcae (nomen nec justius ullum)
Quæ non Infanti luce dedere frui !
Ommites parcae (nomen nec justius ullum)
Auspiciis quarum nostra *MARIA* valet !
Inde dolor nobis, nobis hinc júbila crescunt,
Lætitiz, & luctûs, unicus auctor, Amor.

I. DAVNT Arm. fil. nat. sec. è Coll. Linc.



Si valeas Regina, valet Respublica, Regis
Tu vitæ, populi spiritus Ille fui.
Languescunt tria Regna, Tibi si causa pericli est,
Pendet ab hac unâ nostra salute salus.

I. FELL Ed. s. Chr. Alum.



Lucinâ gravior foret Libellus,
Er nostrum Tibi Gaudium molestum,
Si Soteria pluribus Camœnis
Miseret, Tua quot Salus meretur.
Des ergo veniam, rogamus omnes,
Vt chartâ modò gratulemur Vnâ,
Et sic gaudia Mœsta proferamus.
Sed Luctum modò præterimus omnem,
Te Salvâ piget Vnicâ dolere,
Hoc Solamine, cum ferendo Conjux
Vel dispendia sit Tui Laboris.

T. LITTLETON Coll. Jesu Socio-Commens.

CHARISTERIA.

Votivum Regina Somnium.

Colle sub aprico, quæ se viridissima curvo
Æquora summittit vallis in ampla jugo,
Sylva vetus fagis, & multâ confita Quercu
Summovet inatonsi torrida tela Dei :

Huc illucq; vagis serpens anfractibus unda
Gramineam tenui gurgite flectit humum:
Hac ego dum spatior nemorali solus in umbra,
Et tristi fundo pectore verba meo,

Blanda fatigato Curis, Gressuq;, soporem
Persuadet leni murmure lympa crepans.
Ergo ubi decubui muscoso fessus in antro
Occupat irriguus languida membra sopor.

Inter Seminices hos motus, somnia menti
Obversata animum detinuerè meum.
Conspicio Tumulum, parvo de Cespite vulsum,
Atq; hæc contiguo marmore verba lego;

*Blandula, pulchra, nitens, latet hic dulcissima Gemma,
Matris Delicia, Delitiæq; Patris;
Vt Rosa, quæ calices nondum disclusit odoros,
Sed male præproperis imbribus illa cadit:
Functa tenella jaces, quæ te generaverat, hora,
Hæc eadem vitæ terminus hora fuit.*

Hæc ubi perlegi, Cultissima foemina vultu
Venit, Apollineâ fronde revincta caput;
Mille modis positos, partim distincta capillos,
Partim neglectas irreligata comas:
Nigra reluctantes cohibebat vitta papillas,
Radebat pullo symmate palla solum;

DD

Vincta

Musarum Oxoniensium

Vincta Caput Lauro, Laurusq; implexa Cupresso,
Cincta Comam Taxo, Taxus odora Rosa.
Mox ubi mirantis variae spectacula formæ
Ornatu sensit lumina capta novo,
Quid tibi molle (inquit) dubiâ formidine pectus
Pertentas? vanos excute mente metus!
Non hic, quem timeas, cultus, non forma, nec ætas,
Lætitiæ, & Pacis singula plena vides.
Sum Dea, quæ dulcis nupertibi læta salutis
Causa fui, vitam morte rependo tuam:
Per me discordes cœunt in fœdera Gentes,
Quas nunc insanus traxit in armâ furor.
Gemma reclusa mea est; vitæ Pars altera nostræ
Hac Cistâ latitat, quæ brevis ossa tenet.
Cætera jam taceo; lachrymis cohibeto dolorem,
Nam Fato raptam non potes eripere:
Poenè ego jam perii natam complexa jacentem,
Convalui, dubio vulnere tuta meo.
Dixerat, & blandos Oculis afflavit honores
Gratia divinis; Par sibi sola Venus!
Quale nitet sudus depulsis nubibus Aer,
Tale serenato splenduit ore decus.
Qualis flos violæ, seu pressæ frondibus uvæ
Demittit sparsas rore, vel imbre, comas,
Moxq; idem radiis solis tepet actus amici,
Attollit multo lætus honore caput:
Talis cum nimia pluvia perfusa jacebat,
Abscondens nivo Caudice mœsta caput:
Protinus erexit vultus, solitasq; resumpsit
Vires, delicias explicuitq; suas.

Vtq;

CHARISTERJA.

Vtq; soror radiis fraternis cæula cedit,
Sic prior illa novæ est victa nitore Dææ.
Hæc mihi miranti præfulserit illico, risit,
Et dulcis roseo fluxit ab ore sonus---

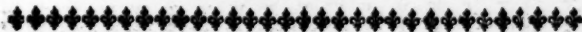
*Adsum Cura Deum, Patria salus, Alma Maria,
Cum dare non possum cætera, nomen habe,
Anglorum Regina*
Ah! toto placidus corpore somnus abit.

R. BRIDE-OAKE. A.M. d. Coll. Nov.



INter alternos hominum tumultus,
Et vagos æstus Scotiæ undulantis,
Alteram Regina tulit puellam:
Parvula ut salvam Dea jam Parentem
Vidit, arripit: sed & inter orbis,
Infimum ingrati ingeniumq; vulgi,
Inter hos mores lachrymata, cessit.

I. DIGHTON Soc. Coll. Univers.



CInge comam; textaq; lubens variata Cupressu
Emineat *Laurus*, captivâ elatior hoste.
Sit tanti spirasse iterum, repetitaq; Fati
Stamina, ab extremâ primam ad traxisse Sororum.
Expavisse juvat, ripâq; Acherontis ab ipsâ
Sensit læta suam Mens eluctata salutem.

Musarum Oxoniensium

Fas meminisse metus! Proles sub luminis auras
Edita, compassa est Parentis mœsta dolores;
Dum teneri vultus hæc in suspiria pulsan,

*Hem quid ago in terris, in viscera Matris, iniqua ?
Quot tandem voto Patri meliora rependam ?
Spiritus in cælum redeat, vix Nata Parento ?
Emoriar, solâ nascentis morte luendum
Plantus Maternos, quos sacra hac ablucet unda.*

Bis-natæ molles liquit Mens purior artus,
Lustraliq; aurâ Fontis fumavit ad aram ;
Oratura Deum tanti solatia casus ;
Collapsasq; pio Matris medicamine vires
Restituit, Patremq; beat jam *Divæ propago.*

Regia quòd Proles (solis velut) æqua diebus
Hebdomadis fuerit; Cœlo *Lux prima* sacrata est:
Vtq; suâ Numen numeratâ sorte fruatur.
Septima Lux, gestit (veteri de jure dicanda)
Inseruisse suam Numeris cœlestibus umbram.

IO: CASTILLION A.M. Nov. Coll.



Regum Serenissime,
NE obducatur lucidi Vultus decor,
Quòd tam difficili Alui laboravit lucra
Casta post Nuptias Regina Virgo.
Solæ Plebeie Lucinam sentiunt placidam.
Non istæ non infirmitatis

CHARISTERIA.

Sed Virtutis argumenta.
Nec est ut Tibi Onus secundum audiat
Parta Cælo Infantula;
Abundè Vixit, quæ nascitur à Principibus,
Qualem at Coronam longævâ sanctitate
Consecrata meruisset,
Quæ Immortalitate digna est
Vitæ vel in limine!
Iustior forsàn Fletus tuas violasset Genas,
Ni Parva sancto Rore tinxisset suas.
Sed tam Matura vel Infanti Religio,
Tanta Cerimonia, ut facie non nisi lorâ
Deum salutaret.
CruX Illi Crotalum solum; non citius baptizata
Quàm Carni, & Mundo, renunciavit,
Nimis officiosa
Promissa Testium præstare.
Olim parturiit annuos Vteri Reditus
Cum Vere Pia Mater: iam cum Oviculis prægnans
Non Florem, sed Agnam dedit,
Dignam Agno Dei Victimam.
Quot quot, *Carole*, Principes gignis,
Tot prælecturas suggeris;
Vtrinq; nobis Regulas præstas Animatas;
Ab Illis Vivere discimus; Ab His Mori.
Non cum Mortis ossæam Imaginem speculamur,
Non cum Philosophiam, Mortis disciplinam, imbibimus;
Sed cum pars Tui moritur,
Perire meditamur, & Perimus.

R. WEST A.B. ex *Æde Chr.*

Musarum Oecumenicum

Quod natam Regina parit lætabimur omnes;
Filia quod moritur solvimur in Lachrymas.

Quàm bene conveniunt Heroica carmina mœstis
Alternata elegis, gaudia mixta malis.

CONYERS D'ARCY *fil. nat. maior. Conyers*
D'arcy armig. Coll. Vnivers.



Heu nimum sævo, magno tamen omine nata,
Cæsarea ex Matris vulnere nata Domus !
Stirps Augusta Stupor, Conatus & Ultimus Alvi est :
Prodigium his, Nasci vel potuisse, fuit.
Accurrit Lucina Tremens, sed Vana recessit:
Majestas sese Vindice Tuta fuit.
Sat peperisse Nihil, venit pro prole Triumphus;
Proq; puerperio, Detumuisse, fuit.

GUIL. DRAPER *ex Bde Ch.*



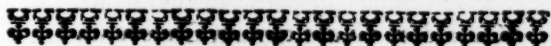
Septimus Antiquo (si credimus) omine factus
Sub fausto semper fidere Natus erit.
Præsentem spectate fidem! Felicior ista est,
Cui datur extremum sic obuisse Diem.
Ostendunt Terris Te tantùm fata, nec ultra,
Cessant, ut Terrâ sidera teste peras.

Filia

CHARISTERIA

Filia felici datur hæc Tibi, *Carole*, partu,
Cum Nataliciâ, Propria, Luce, Deo est.

IO: CURLE *Nov. Coll. Civilist.*



Reginarum optima,
Ignoscas tandem agresti Lucinæ;
Vindictæ satis est Divis Ignoscere.
Puerperii Cruciatu Reginam decent,
Ut ipsis etiam Doloribus Imperes.
Vulcanum non nisi gemibunda protulit Iuno;
Ipsa defuit Lucina Sibi: (lestum est,
Claudumq; Numen non soli Veneri, sed & Matri Mo.
Ne Tu cruciatus, nisi Dearum, sentire videaris,
Aut aliquâ ex parte dispar puterur
Magni Iovis, *Caroliq;* Conjux.
Tonantis cerebri onus audit Pallas,
Primosq; ciebat Tumultus paternum intra Caput
Bellicosa Dea:
Bacchus, non tam Semeles, quam Fulminis proles,
Meteoron potius, quàm Divus, nascitur;
Quem cum recepit Divinum Femur,
Non Nato suo laborasse visus est, sed Telo Iupiter,
Numenq; iterum (ut olim Minerva)
Non ex Vtero profiliuit, sed Vulnere.
O simillima, *Mariam*, & Numina!
Tu Tuos passa es dolores, sed & Tuos paris Deos.
Minutissimum istud est animal, & Solis Erratum,
Quod

Musarum Oxoniensium

Quod ægrotare nescit, cui deest ad Febrim Ignis:
Musca illa est, quæ non Sanatur Potione, sed Mergitur,
Quæ Phœbi Radios agnoscit, non Herbas: (digna sunt,
Hæc Exigua animalia non effugiunt morbos, sed in-
Et ideo ad Funus properare non videntur
Quia, dum vivunt, tantum Cinis sunt.
Tu parturientes ambiisti gemitus,
Ut quæ subditorum salute vivas, non Tuâ:
Sic tamen sævâ de valetudine triumphas,
Ut quæ, inter subditos, etiam & Valetudini præsis.

M. L R W E L L I N, ex *Æde Cbr.*

VEI sic placebit Gaudium, licet tanti
Constet! Salutem sic *Maria* sic emptam
Congratulamur! nempe cedit in Lucrum;
Salvâq; fruimur Vite gemmulæ Damno.
Dispendium Quis Stellulæ pati noller,
Si sic Fruatur Luce Cynthiæ plenæ?
Fœcunda Quin Tu Sponsa CAROLI nostri
Parias quorannis, sed Favente Lucinâ;
Feratq; Tua non alvus Efferat, prolem.
Nec parere cesses foeta, donec æqualis
Insignibus sit CAROLUS suis; gignat
Bis ter maritus regius sibi natos,
Bis terq; natus. Hi Leonibus fiant
Virtute, at Illæ Liliis, pares, forma.

G. W A L L W Y N & *Coll. Ioan. A.B.*

CHARISTERIA.

G Audemus, Regina, tuam rediisse salutem;
Lætatur patâ vel pereunte tuâ
Sat datur, incolumis dum nostra *Maria* recepta est;
In Te si fiant Tympana, partuserit.
Anxia sic cura est, subiit cum Luna labores,
(Non hinc quæ soboles fiat) ut illa valeat.

ED. GRAY *M. A. ex Æde Ch.*



N Aturæ ô sævi partus, & dona timenda!
Genus nulla tanti est, aut salus.
CAROLÆ, quam mirè Te pronuba duno fecellit!
Pro Filia Vxor nascitur.
Fædus inire novum debes, thalamosq; jugales;
Renupta jam conjux Tibi est.
In vultu rediit tam mollis pugna rosarum.
Dolenda Pax cum desit!
Flos Pæsti antiquâ jam sede repullulat; cheu!
Quo Bruma mortuo horruit.
Ne certes posthâc similem Tibi mittere prolem,
Sic penè cum damno Tui.
Tutius est (Divum genitrix) peperisse minores,
Splendor vel ipse hos destruit.
Nec periit soboles, redit ast ad sidera: tantos
Namq; orbis haud unus capit.

F. PALMER ex Æd. Ch.

E

Reginam

Reginam ex interitu, Argiisq; reuerſam
Tâm propè de fluuiis, quâ pietate colam?
Desperasse iuvat, sunt ipsa pericula tanti;
Vilius exultant, qui timuere nihil:
De tali Reditu geminatus plausus, & ipsa
Lætitiam luctus de gravitate fero.
Non faciles partus, sed læsi pondera ventris;
Natales caninus funeribusq; pares.
Quo non Fata loco, quo non reſecanda ſororum
Stamina (Natales ſi juguletis) erunt?

MILES CRICKE A.B. ex Æd. Ch.



Quid tibi ſæva Tiaſe, quid primâ luce Tenellam,
Nondum guſtato lacte, ferire iuvat?
Anne quod ætheriæ fuerat cum præſcia Formæ,
Cynthia, perpeſſis occuluit tenebris?
Veſtraq; ſila (potens Fati) ſuccidere Diva
Zelotypâ potuit; ſacrilegaq; manu?
Famave, ſtaminibus veſtris dominata, Britannis
Invidiſſi jura Puerperæ,
Quod Gallæ, Hiſpanæq; urit præcordia? (nobis
Annus dat, fortè His quod tria Luſtra dabunt)
Sic adventantis, ſpes una, & Gloria, veris,
Concidit: & ſclerum, ſumme, pura, perit.
Atq; ut Virgineæ mâle. docta protervia dextræ
Primævas audet carpere ſæpe Roſas;
Præſes Flora vetans: quid (ait) violare, Puellæ,

Pergitis

CHARISTERJA.

Pergitis, infana, munera nostra, manu?
Vnde mihi fas est, variis redimite corporis,
Tempora, si flores improba dextra legat?
Improba dextra tamen pergīt: sic parcere nulli
Parca solet: Victrix sola *Maria* fuit.

G. I. Arm. Fil. Coll. Mag. Com.



QUò Te, Iuno, vocant aliena negoria, quòd tam
Triste puerperium patitur Regina? Laborum
Priyati tantum ventris miserere? nec unquam
Communes curas partus? Meruisse fatemur
Henrettam, Imperium posses cui tradere Cæli,
Amplexusq; Iovis, nisi quòd majore fruatur
Conjugio, nisi quòd sua *CAROLUS* oscula figat,
Oscula defunctos revocare valentia Manes,
Oscula, Threicii plectrum superantia vatis.
Fæmineum quæ fata manent crudelia sexum!
Qui, dum Filiolis vitam donare laborat,
Iacturam facit ipse sui, quasi pondere ventris
Deposito, cælos citius veheretur in altos.
At leviora Tibi (sed vix leviora) fuerunt
Fata, *MARIA*; tuo nec Te iapuere Marito,
Tanto ne misere succumberet Ipse dolori,
Dum simul Vxorem, & Natam periisse videret.

BEN. MASTER ex *Edo Ch.*



C Lara diu sine nube salus nos credere fecit
 Te posse Assumi, non potuisse Mori. (chrum
 Diximus, Hæc nunquam rapturum Membra sepul-
 More Animæ, Aeternum Corpus & esse Tuum.
 Transulit errores infestus Languor amicos;
 Mortalis fecit corporis ille fidem.
 Sed brevis ille fidem fecit, subitusq; recessit;
 Non poteras morbo pabula longa dare.
 Porro si qua Tui fortassis, Crassior extet,
 Temperat, haud Artus Inficit illa Tuos.
 Et quod adhuc Partis remanent vestigia, cundem
 Visa nec in speculo reddit Imago Diem.
 Non opus Archetypam percurrere mane Tabellam,
 Te totam melius Pulchra Propago refert.
 Fortius excudas Tengeræ si Labra Martæ,
 Mox solitæ tingent & Tibi Labra Rosæ:
 Elizæq; Tuæ, vel in Annæ Lumine cernas
 Quem de Te solita s mittere sana Diem.
 Amissam nemo formam, tantum esse Repostam
 Dicat; adhuc fulges Vultibus Vna Tribus.
 At me Oculi fallunt, & vanus Imagine ludor:
 Non Vultus, Veli Pallor at ille Tui.
 Sana nimis splendes: Ore ut videaris inermi,
 Sic placuit Radios oculuisse Tuos.

SAM. JACKSON Æd.
 Ch. Alum.

CAN.

CHARISTERIA.

Chantons d'une commune voix
Le te Deum tous à la fois,
Qu'en puisse lire en nostre face
Que nous recognoissons la grace
Que Dieu nous a faite en ces lieux,
Chantons tous (dis ie) à qui mieux mieux.

O le grand subject de tristesse
Que nous aurions, quelle destresse,
Quel malheur nous fust arrivé
Si le monde eust esté privé
De ce Beau Soleil qui l'esclaire!
C' eust esté chose fort amere.

Vis donc Lumiere di'cy bas
Parmi nous, qui jnsqu'au trespas
Avec joye et resjouissance
Te rendrons toute obeissance.
Vis Grande Roynie plus que nous
Au grand contentement de tous.

CHARLES VANE Maître es Arts
du Coll. de Magd.



Royne bien aimée de Dieu
Bien aimée de tout le monde,
Royne bien aimée en tout lieu,
Qui n'es d'aucune la seconde
Et en humaines raretez,
Et en Celestes qualitez.

Le

Musarum Oxoniensium

*Le Ciel te veut avoir, le monde te desire,
Tu plais à tous les deux, en suivant leurs desirs:
Car au vouloir du Ciel tu soumetts ton Empire,
Et te laissant à nous, nous laissons nos plaisirs.*

EDOUARD VANE BACH. *ès Arts*
du Coll. de Magd.

Regina partu salva probat Deum:
Mercede tali cuncta placent, Dolus,
Pestis, Periculum. Quin mereri
Non potuit veniam favore
Majore Cælum. Numina credimus
Non esse votis furda. Pericula,
Parcæ repulsam jam tulere.
Tanta Salus speciem Timoris
Exarmat omnem. Magna suas vices
Semper timent: Formosa. Dies solet
Nubem pati: Formosa nævum
Fœmina: Gratia nulla, constans.
Est nulla, Constans Gratia: Prospera
Clades, Egestas; Lætitiâ Dolor
Laudant. Voluptas nulla, semper
Grataque. Prævus habet Patronos.
Intacta Curam non potuit Dei
Regina Mundo ostendere: Gallicus
Miles; Dolus Romæ; Furorq;
Hesperia faciunt Britannos
Claros: Ruinis Regnaq; cætera

Damnata

CHARISTERIA.

Damnata; Cum Terrâ & Pelago manet
Nobis potestas firma, Cunctis
Invidia, atq; stupor, Timorq;
Lucem Britannam Mundus agit : Deus
Noctes verat succedere: Nubila
Phæbus movet: Sincera poscit
Anglia gaudia, sancta yora.

ED. CORBET *Soc. Merton.*
& *Proc. Sen. Acad.*



MUſæ ſequaces gaudium ut Regni canant,
Dulces relinquunt Iſidis ripas ſuæ:
Lacrymis madentes, ſed tamen lætæ genæ
Mixtam repræſentant periclo gaudium:
Tantam Sorori gloriam Iuno invidens,
Accenſa, dixit, ſentiet vires meas
MARIA; at Hymen iſſerat. Temnunt minas
Amoris arma præferentes Gratiæ.
Sic (ut tenebris gravior ſurgit dies)
Orta ex periclo maximè placet ſalus;
Cupido ridens aureas alas quatit,
Et cerne (Cæſar) in MARIA redditam
Animam Monarchiæ Tuæ, Vitam Mææ.

JOH. NICOLSON *Coll. Mag.*
Proc. Iun.



PROSEVCTICON.



E La! jam Capitolium Camæna,
 Lassatis, nimium procace, versu:
 Regi pægnia vestra num placebunt?
 Positue, illepidum, rudem, Libellum,
 Districlus variis, fouere, curis?
 Si Coniux modo fauerit, forebit. M
 Te, Regina, Novem ambiunt sorores,
 Et multâ prece, thura, vota, pendunt:
 Ut, per Te, Carolus, benigniore
 Dignetur, pia thura, vota, vultu.
 Quæis dixit Dea (jam suave ridens)
 Dignatur Carolus: iubetq, Musas
 Vestras, Isidis accolæ, Catones,
 Post hoc Iudicium, timere nullo.

Proc. Iun.

A. FREWEN Vicecan. Oxon.



TO THE
QUEENE.

ANd here w^h had clos'd up all, least that you might
Have suffred ore againe from what we write :
But Your try'd Courage warranted the feare,
And told us, What y^e have conquer'd, You dare Heare.
Read Your Own Dangers then, whiles wee doe greet
Your Safety so, as Showres, and Sunbeams meet.
'Tis not All Cloud we send, nor yet All Light:
Our Day is chequer'd with some mingled Night:
Bayes heere, and Cypresse interwoven be,
And one kisse joynes both Hymne, and Elegy.
Thus then we hang this Tablet up: But You,
For Whom 'twas row'd, must be the Deity too.

Musarum Oxoniensium

*Nor doe we heere Your Hazard, but Ours bring:
Thus Sea-men Safe doe their Own Dangers sing.
Be't the Redemption then of Many Lives:
Th' Escape is Numerous, where a Queen Survives.*

CHARISTERIA.



To the KING.

MOST GRATIOVS SOVERAIGNE.

Your Queen being safe deliver'd, you may see
Your selfe still multipli'd in Progeny:
And may you so, and her Lost Paine be blest
With a more Easie and full Interest.

*What though the Sun sometimes darts downe a ray,
Which choak'd up in a Cloud, makes not the Day
More bright, then it was? yet may not we next morne
Expect as Glorious Beames? Or if a storme
Blow downe a Bloome, next spring the more may shoot,
Since the Wind's anger did not kill the Root.
If one Starre sets, the Learned in that Art
Attend a second's rising, not take it heart
That any one escapes their ken, as long
As th' have the Heavens still to look upon.
Since then you have (thanks be to God) receiv'd
Your Queene restor'd, think not your selfe bereav'd
Of what the Heavens took, they left you more,
In Her, by whom you may encrease your Store.*

I O. HERBERT, Fourth Son to Philip
Earle of Pembroke & Montgomery
of Iesus Coll.

CHARISTERIA.

*The raging of your paine, tis just, we raise
Our double mourning to a double praise:
For though in part we suffer, though there be
A Soule, that's flowne in its minority
From us to heav'n, yet need we not complaine,
Since, whilst we finde You safe, we think we gaine
All that is lost; just like a shipwrackt man,
Whose goods are sunk before him; if he can
(Poore soule) but scramble with his life away,
He thinks all's well, and is content to pay
His goods, as tributes, or to let them be
A sacrifice for his delivery:
Thus should we think Your Pearle, as tribute sent
To heaven, to repaire your languishment:
And as with sweet perfumes the Phenix gives
Away her life, by which another lives;
So doth it fare with us; onely the case
Is somewhat different, there the old gives place
Vnto the young; but here the young one dies,
And the old Mother doth afresh arise:
Live then (Great Queen) that we may live to see
Our selves more blest in a fresh progeny.*

R. MILL: A.M. Col. Mag.



To the QUEENE.

VV *Hither our fears made dangers, that our Ioyes
Might rise more solemn from false fumes, & noise;*

Musarum Oxoniensium

Or whether 'twere a true Escape, and we
Are seasonable to our Loyalty:
The Histories (Great Queene) which tell of those
Who travel'd for their Wives, and felt their throwes,
Are but just Prophecyes of us, who doe
Now know, when Queenes teeme, Kingdomes labour too.

But all the danger's past, and we have seene
How much more tis to scape, then to Lye in.
No Birth had recompenc'd our Losses, since
Your safety's more, then had You borne a Prince.
For though't had prov'd a Phenix, yet 'twould bring
Still greife, if 't from its Parents ashes spring:
Since better tis such issues be suppress,
Which can't be borne unlesse they burne the nest.

Nor joy we only that T'are well, and scape,
But are return'd to Your first forme and shape:
You are the Queene still; on Your Face, and Cheeke,
No Lady need, for Your lost Beautyes seeke.
After so many Childbeds, in your eyes
Doe still new Starres, and Constellations rise,
And the same sparkle keeps awake those fires,
In Your King, which first kindled his Desires.

So Goddesses of old, though they did fill
Earth with their offspring, were immortall still.
So Roses have borne Gods, and Childbirths felt,
Yet have still blusht, and have still fragrant smelt.

Tis for mean features not to beare, and hold;
Or after each Delivery to wax old:
And we may call those Ladies Pooles, not Springs,
Whose Beauties one hard Birth to drynesse brings.

They

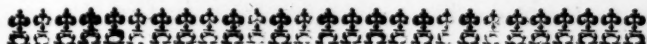
[CHARISTERIA.

*They are but only toucht, 'no fixt perfume,
Whoin the use, and chafing, doe consume.*

*In You a constant stock of Beauty flowes;
Powring forth Rivers, yet like Fountaines, growes.
Evermore Emptying, yet not spent or dry'd;
And after Numerous Ebbs, showin'g full tyde.*

*Thus though the sunne scatter Tears, Months, & Dayes,
Yet are his Beams whole, and entire his rayes.
Thus Tapers doe light Tapers, yet no flame
Is lost by giving, but remains the same.
Soto call you lesse beauteous, were a sinne:
Things cannot Lessen, which doe still Begin.*

IASPER MAYNE M.A.
of Ch. Ch.



To the QUEENE.

GREAT MADAM,

Though we could wish Your Issue so throng'd stood,
That all the Court were but one Royall Blood;
Though Your Young Jewels be of so much Cost,
That Your Least Spark of Light must not be lost:
Yet when i' Your Burthens Heaven not permits
Quiets, as hush't, as when the Halcyon sits;
And that T'are thought so stor'd, that You may spare
Some Glories, and allow Blest Saints a share;

Contented.

Musarum Oxoniensium

*Contentedly we suffer such a Crosse,
T'endeare the Tablet by a Copies losse:
And (as in urgent Tempests 'tis a Taught
Thrift, to redeeme the Vessell with the Fraught)
We doe halfe-willing with th' Elixir part
To keep th' Alembeck safe for future Art:
Our Treasure thus is shared by the Birth,
Halfe unto Heaven, Halfe unto the Earth.*

*Come Your Escape as Issue then, whiles we
Receive Your Safety as New Progeny:
Be You from henceforth to us a New Vow,
By Vertues Deare Before, by Danger Now.
Twice giv'n, and yet no narrowness of Thrift;
What ere is Great, may be a Second Gift:
Thus when the Best Aēt's done, there doth remaine
This only, to performe that Aēt againe.*

*See how Your Great lust Consort bears the Crosse!
Your Safeties Gaine makes him oresee the Losse:
So that, although this Cloud stand at the Doore,
His Great Designes goe on still as before.*

*Thus Stout Horatius being ready now
To Dedicate a Temple, and by Vow
Settle Religion to his God, although
'Twas told his Child was dead, would not let goe
The Post o'th' Temple, but unmov'd Alone
Bid them take care o'th' funerall, and went on.*

*Liv. Decad.
1. lib. 2.*

*W. CARTWRIGHT
of Ch. Ch.*

The

CHARISTERIA.



THe Common people can foretell their fate
By observation of some thing they hate,
A Raven, or a Schreech-Owle; and hence say
Sure You or I shall have ill luck to day.
Princes, like States, must have their changes be
Presag'd by some admir'd grand prodigy,
A Blasing-starre, Or an Eclipse; so farre
Their fates are different, as their Persons are.
The Princeesse of Celestiall lights was seen
Both to resemble, and prevent the Queene,
* Shee for a time in labour was, and then,
(Though pale) recover'd, and shone forth agen.
The parallell's so true, we may descry,
It was not Influence, but Sympathy.
So you have made it now appeare to all
Your body is almost Celestiall.

* The late
eclipse of
the Moon.

Ro. BARRELL Coll. Magd.



To her MAJESTIE.

A Queene once said that Shee had rather farr
To die three times in warre,
Then that tormenting, but yet naturall paine
Once more for to sustaine.

b

Then

Musarum Oxoniensium

*Then must our Ioyes and Triumphs equall be
For your glad Victorie.
Who have deseru'd so much of every Heart
To suffer but in part.
And could those paines by prayers be allay'd
Your Ransome should be pay'd.*

EDMOND VAVGHAN fellow of C C C.



*N*ot to be pregnant now, and vent
Some braine-sprung Pallas, would imply
(The Queene being now our President)
No lesse then inconformity.

*Let th' Wit that's barren now, from hence
Ne're hope to scape its cursed doome:
If M A R I E S gracious influence
Make not his fruitfull, as her owne.*

*May's braine hence forward ever swell
With some hydropick Tympany,
Which proves no better, if so well
As priuative fertilitie.*

*Lest silence then convince, we'le free
Our loyall hearts from guilt, our witt
Is hap'ly censur'd, yet shall we
From tounge-tied Treason still be quitt.*

CHARISTERJA.

*As when your Royall Embryo grew
To great for th' fostering wombe to beare,
Importun'd for a birth, and knew
It could no longer harbor there;*

*So rip'ned joyes are not confin'd
Within the Cabben of the heart,
But to expresse a glad some mind
Each lively Organ beares a part.*

*Each brain's in labour with a Verse,
The Midwife Muses lend their ayde,
While your deliv'ry they reherse
Not yours alone, but their's it's made.*

*Nor dare 'our Universities
Engrosse you to themselves alone,
Our universe to sympathize
With you doth joy, and in you groane.*

*The Northerne Axell seem'd t' have sayl'd,
And ill at ease was all the State:
But now we see what then they ayl'd
Sincethat with yours all griefes abate.*

*Thus doth your welfare ours restore,
We by reflexion happy are;
Then for our selves we wish you more:
May you for us have blisse to spare.*

I. S. C.C.C. Sch.

IF it be safe to aske it, did not thus
The Heav'n's declare themselves turn'd covetous,
Since after all our teares, and vows, they call
For Interest, though not the Principall?
Or may we not rather suppose the Queene
Was fram'd by nature only to be seene
The Mirror of all Good, but earthly State
Not daring such perfection't imitate,
She needs would hast to raigne above, and there
More glorious shine then Berenices-haire?
Yes thus t' had been, but that great CHARLES still One,
As chiefe in place, so in devotion,
Reverst the order; see! fate do's afford
A kind of sweet submission to his word.

What rites are due to Heav'n then, which alone
In sparing you, spar'd a whole Nation:
For we, if you should leave vs, could not say,
We liv'd, but only dreamt our time away.
Live, fruitfull be, till we doubt if w' have beene
More bound to You, as Mother, or as Queene.
And doe not grieve too much, if this Babe be
For Purple swaddled in Eternity.
The place She came from now was so refin'd,
This aire seem'd grosse, unworthy Her cleare mind.
She dislik'd, went Her way, made hast to be
In fellowship with immortality.

So when the Christal's broken, strait the beame
Shoots up againe, from whence it first did streame.

HORATIUS MOORE Armig.
fil. vnic. Col. Bal.

CHARISTERIA.

SO hasts the pious Pelican to be
Th' unhappy type of too much charitie,
Prodigall in selfe cruelty, till death
Ha's made way to preserve the young ones breath,
So doth the Phenix her own selfe expire,
Till the new Bird rise from the spicie fire.

But ô! You must not fatally thus be
Gracious, to ruin with your Piety:
Pardon our rasher passion, if we say
Thus to have blest had been but to betray;
Thus to have fruitfull been, had been t' expresse
The blessing worse then the curse, Barrennesse.

What were another Coppy, if we shall
In lieu returne the blest Originall
If when a Starre appear's, the Sun, from whence
That starre derives it's light, and influence,
Must vanish strait: who would not wish by far
The Sun should still shine rather than the Star?

How kinde was Fate then to us, not to grant
You should (though fit fort') yet be made a Sainte
Fresh glories then had crown'd You, but we ne'r
Had felt the comfort in our Hemispheare.

But now you live our Queene, it is at once
Your safe deliv'ry, our deliverance.

And whilst time with your strength returnes, that we
Esteeme this, Your second nativity,
The miracle's reviv'd once more, 'tis true
In CHARLES his raigne the Sun went backward too.

I. W I T H E R Art. B. C. B.

Musarum Oxoniensium

Blest Queene

How emulous our Ioyes be to expresse
Our loyalty, and greatest thankfulnessse
Vnto that pittying power, whose love doth give
That life to You, by which we also live
In our faire hopes: although perhaps the Rose,
Or purest Lilly may in'th winter lose
Their infant being, yet the stock we see
Doth sprout afresh with new fertility.
Thus by an Embleme faine we would advance
Your fruitfulnessse, and blest deliverance;
Turning our grieve to mirth, praying to see
You still the Mother of a Monarchy.

I. T. Bal. Coll.

Rest happy offspring of a fruitfull wombe,
And sleep not in thy Cradle, but thy Tombe.
Let no repining murmur ere complaine,
That thou, so late bestow'd, wer't lost againe
So quickly, and so soone, that scarcely leasure
Was given us to ioy for such a treasure.
The Royall stock is left, and such a Mother
May give, although not Thee, yet such another.

I A. I A C K S O N.

Great

CHARISTERIA.

Great QUEENE.

AS when the gawdy Bow it's clond is set,
Tis still but well drest Raine, and handsome wet,
Or as a Roses Blaze in Dew appears,
which triumphs on the bough, but 'tis through Teares:
So when in Verse we have bin glad, and rung
Our Ioyes to London, 'tis but Elegy sung:
Our Ioyes are here but Parts, we cannot keepe
A whole glad Tune, but must in Comfort weepe.
For since Your Birth to Blisse alone's alive,
You breath not All, and doe not quite survive,
Something of you expir'd, when That last Cry'd,
And though the Queene be safe, the Mother dyde.
This made it almost Treason to be Glad,
And we a Patent wish't not to be sad:
But when we knew You safe thus, and could tell,
You only suffer'd health, and were paind well;
That You to th' Kal'nder bred, but did not faint,
(For lesse Pangs make a Mortall then a Saint)
We thought Prose guilty streight in such a cause,
And words grew sinnes, when they obey'd no Lawes;
Towne Ioy may be but heard, ours must be plac'd;
We laugh in measure, and our mirth is Pac'd.
We should not be glad Eas'ly, where'twas seen,
The Pow'r's contriv'd and labour'd for the Queene:
For though they be such neighbours to the Crowne,
That when they favour here, they scarce come downe,

Yes

Musarum Oxoniensium

Tet in Your danger, Heav'n recoil'd, and staid
Behind, but to returne with fiercer Ayd;
Only inslitted Kindnesse, that it might
Make torment sweet, and paine dye to delight.
So when the Morning Sunne doth first appeare,
Tis brighter farre, because the Night was here.
Princes feele not stale loyes, such better please,
As now Begin, and their great Pleasures ease:
So some have bin depos'd in Plot, and gone
Low and in Raggs, only to tast the Throne;
So Heav'n made Preface-grones a Gift, and shew'd
Pangs too, as Princes, may be Things Bestow'd;
And Paine may so grow Bounty; yet must wee
Pray Treas'n and wish the Deity thus lesse Free,
That though to Breed he to be Coyn'd, yet You
May be but Borne, not stamp't, and tortur'd New,
And though Your Blessed and Great Burden dyes,
And You bring forth only a new Here Lyes,
Fruitfull but to the Tomb-man, yet we pay
Thanks, that You doe concerne him but this way:
No Rate makes safety Deare, at any Cost
Sheet that survives her Issue has scarce lost.
Children but piece our daies up, then to be
Safe, and Alive, 's the better Progeny.

Ios. HOWE M. A.
Trin. Coll. Soc.

Seduce

CHARISTERIA.



You that can aptly mixe your Ioyes with Cries,
And weave white Iôs with black Elegies,
Can Caroll out a Dirge, and in one breath
Sing to the Tune either of Life or Death;
You that can weep the Gladnesse of the Spheares
And penne a Hymne instead of Inke, with Teares;
Here, here your unproportion'd Wit let fall
To celebrate this new-borne Funerall,
And greet that litle Greatnesse which from th' wombe,
Dropt both a Load to th' Cradle and the Tombe.

Bright soules teach us to warble; with what feet
Thy swathing Linnen, and thy Winding Sheet
Weepe or shoute forth that Font's solemnity
Which at once Christned and Buried Thee
And change our shriller passions with that sound,
First told thee into th' Ayre, then to the Ground?

Ah wert thou borne for this? only to call
The King and Queene guests to your Buriall?
To bidde good night, Your Day not yet begunne,
And shew a setting ere a rising Sunne?
Or wouldst thou have thy life a Martyrdome,
Dye in the Act of thy Religion?

Fit, Excellently, Innocently Good,
First sealing it with Water, then thy Blood!
As when on blazing wings a Blest man sores,
And having past to God through Fiery doores,
Straights Rob'd with Flames, when the same Elements

b b

which

Musarum Oxoniensium

*Which was his shame, proves now his Ornament:
Oh how he hastend death! Burnt to be Fried,
Kill'd twice with each delay, till deif'd
So swift has been thy Race, so full of flight,
Like Him condemn'd ev'n Aged with a Night,
Cutting all letts with Clouds, as if th' hadst been
Like Angell's plum'd, & borne a Cherubin.
Or in your journey towards Heaven, say,
Took You the World a little in Your way?
Sawest and dislik'd its vaine Pompe, then did'st fly
Vp for eternall Glories to the skyes
Like a Religious Ambitious one
Aspired'st for the Everlasting Crowne?*

*Ah Holy Traitor to Your Brother Prince,
Rob'd of his Birth-right and preheminnence!
Could You ascend Yon' Chaire of State e're Him,
And snatch from th' Heyre the Starry Diadem?
Making Your Honours now as much uneven,
As Gods on Earth are lesse then Saints in Heav'n.*

*Triumph! Sing Triumphs then! O put on all
Your richest looks, drest for this festivall,
Thoughts full of ravish'd Reverence, with Eyes
So fixt, as when a Saint we Canonize:
Clappe Wings with Seraphins before the Throne
At this Eternall Coronation;*

*And teach your soules new mirth, such as may be
Worthy this Birth-day to Divinity.*

*But Ah! these blast your Feasts: the jubilies
We send you up, are sad, as were our Cries:
And of true Ioy, we can expresse no more
Thus Crown'd, then when we Buried thee before:*

Princeſſe

CHARISTERIA.

*Princesse in Heaven forgiveness! whilst we
Resigne our office to the Hierarchy.*

RICH. LOVELACE Mag. Art. A. Glouc.
fil. Guil. LOVELACE Eq. Aur.
Nat. Max.



S Till may You thus goe on (Great Queene) and bleſſe
The King and People with Your fruitfullneſſe;
Till You that Royall Matron ſhall out-doe,
And ſhew that You can be Queene-mother too.

But ſtay, how can we now rejoyce, or be
Inſpir'd with any thing but Elegy?
Our paſſion's are amaz'd, ſome greeve, ſome laugh,
Some write a Birth-ſong ſome an Epitaph:
Some Loyall ſubjects weep awhile, and then
Dry up their tear's with ſighs and laugh agen:
Thus (from the happy new's of Yours) now we
Have got from grieve a ſafe delivery;
For that babe ſure is bleſt whom heaven did ſend,
Whil'ſt You did travail, to her journies end.

But why ſo faſt ſweet Prince, was it thy drift
To come betimes and be a New-years-guiſt,
That thy bleſt mother Mary too, might be
Ready by Candlemaſt to Purify.

Or did'ſt thou make ſuch haſt to give the lye
To ſome new ſuperſtitious Prodigy,
And in juſt oppoſition to report
Appear'dſt a pleaſing Omen to the Court,

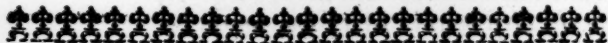
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And

Musarum Oxoniensium

*And there both Starre and Infant, for one day,
Stoodst ore the Palace where thy Mother Lay:
If this be true, like Loyall Subjects, we
Must call the Twentieth now Epiphany.
Or did'st thou (midst these troubled tumults) hie
That thou mightst beare to heaven an Embasie?
And there both Messenger and Offering
Conclude a cov'nant 'twixt God and the King,
And so gav'st up thy infant soule to be
Either a pledge for peace or Victory;
Thus flying up to Heaven with an intent
Not to behold the issue but prevent:
If that be so, then sure though thou didst come
Before thy time it could not be too soone.
But then why shouldst thou poast away so fast?
Wer'tt thou lesse welcome cause thou mad'st such hast?
Noe: superstitious Wit's thought 'twould not thrive
To adde ought to the blessed set of five,
And our last Poet's sung that 'health might be
Perhaps included in that Mystery:
Whil'st thou (rare Piety!) did'st end the strife,
And to the Queenes health sacrifice thy life..*

H. NEVILL. Coll. Vnivers.



M*ost sacred Queene
Since that our fears and woes
So swift are flowne, & vanish'd with your thrones,
Our*

CHARISTERIA.

*Our Muses too would labour, and be sped,
Straining of Ioy, to be delivered.*

*The issue is brought forth: and they, as due,
In early vomes devote the Child to you.*

*Hence forth, may never danger more affright
That brest, the Seat, and Bowre of all delight?
May you now teem with joyes, and though you fill
Wish them the Kingdome, be full of them still.
May You give happy birth to Princes store,
All with such ease, as scarce to labour more.*

An Apostrophe to the Princess.

*Most spotlesse Princess, in our hearts
Both Ioy and Griefe so play their parts,
And each so justly claimes this breath,
(Or for thy life, or for thy Death)
That 'tis my riddle, whether I
Should sing thy Birth, or Obsequy:
Whether that I should pinne my verse
Vpon thy Cradle or thy Hearse:
And such the labour of my braine,
As was erewhile thy mothers paine.*

*Most faine I would, suppressing moane,
Chaunt out, and paint my Ioy alone;
Speak only of the breath you drew:
But then so close did Fate pursue;
That who names one, though nere so loath,
Yet cannot chuse but speak of both:
Since that the Heavenly Powers thought meet*

Musarum Oxoniensium

*Thy swath should be thy winding sheet:
And that thy tender limbs should have
No rest, but Death; nor bed, but Grave.
That Birth should be thy Destiny,
And This, thy Birth's eternity.
As so much Life were only giv'n,
That thou through Death might'st passe to Heav'n,
And feele a while the paines of this,
To sweeten more thy next worlds blisse.*

*There was allow'd but so much stay
As thou might'st take the Church it's way;
That those pure waters She contains
Might wash away thy Teares, thy stains:
And cleere those pearly lights, to see
Forthwith the throne of Purity:
And so from Iordans wholsome brook
Thy peerlesse Soule her selfe betook
To the Dead-sea, and out of hand,
Had passage to the unknown Land:
A voyage sooner past, and done,
Then we thought could have been begun:
And thou was ripe for Heav'nly birth,
Ere we could deeme thee ripe for Earth:
Where rest in peace, eternally
Singing thine own sweet Lullaby.*

FRANC. ATKINS M. of Arts
of Wad. Colledge.

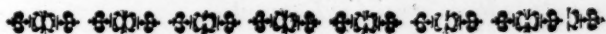
Madam

CHARISTERIA.

M A D A M.

Abandon sorrow; call't not losse,
But gaine, what Heaven does ingroesse:
For each Affliction is a round
Of Iacobs Ladder: from the ground,
By that, w' advance, and reach the skies,
We earne Heaven by Calamities.
What if a little Stemme
Fall from Your Diademme,
When the next Year may show
A lasting, Lusty Bough?
What if a petty Starre
Should peep, and disappear?
The Constellation nothing gayn'd
By its Accession, nor is't pain'd,
Or mournes its farewell: estimate
Your selfe (Great Queene) then say what rate
A child can beare? 'Twere High disloyalty
To Mourne, when God and Men both Gainers be.

H.C. Coll.Mag.



Great Queene, we us'd to gratulate the birth
Of Duke or Lady, and therein Your worth
To this our Kingdome; Now without the dresse
Of things externall we esteeme no lesse
You in Your selfe; for as the Creatures doe
Nothing supply in God, nor they in You:
These though they shall be glittering pearles, alas,
What time must polish out that breeding masse?

Whats

Musarum Oxonienfium

*What's growing is not yet; griefe's justly spent
To part with ripenesse and accomplishment.
Which are ere stor'd with you to such a height,
Not they to You, but You to them give weight.
O let's not loose the Limmer for a draught!
Our pictures then were good, but dearly bought.
As day transcends the lustre of the morne,
So doth a Queen recover'd a child borne.*

*What if the Young one's dead? Ile not complaine
As long as the Stock lives to shoote againe.
Heaven would have Cions of both sexes, so
It lik't the Sonne, 'twould have a daughter too.
Lets then be happy still, and make the best
Advantage hence to estimate the rest.
Nor vex we at this chance, if there be found
Some blossomes yet not ripend on the ground.
Princes are ag'd being borne, thus it is more
To live one day then to have seen fourescore.
'Twas purenesse, and not frailty, wrought her death;
Thus sub' left Flame ascends and vanisheth.
No error heere but fruitfulnessse; we know
The pregnant Cup did only overflow.
And though the King hath lost some ballast, still
The ship is safe to recompence the ill.
Let no man murmure then, our Charles is seen
To goe and visit now his strengthning Queene.
O may shee still new joyes, and new unclofe,
And never make him sad, but in her throes!*

ED. GRAY M.A. of Ch.Ch.

CHARISTERIA.

*S*educe me not O Muse! a looser style
Is not prophane; I'm cird to a smite.
Doe not like to a doubtfull Image stand,
With two cold Elegyes in either Hand;
Grieve not a Princeesse here, nor there a Queene:
Tis gaine enough, that yet the Mothers scene.
Haile great Lucina! though thy trembling skill
Amaz'd at such high Agonies stood still:
This wise delay did but compose thy Art:
Thou didst not blindly shoot, but aimdst thy Dart.
In doubtfull Cases we must stretch the Cure:
This stay made Your Delivery more sure.
But cannot Nature, though Her sexe has bene
Destin'd to suffer thus, exempt a Queene?
Or could not that proud Goddesse set Her free,
In this case only a lesse Deity?
And then to lengthen out Her pangs, as Shee
Vsurp'd some State in a Queenes agony?
See here the Madnesse of our Griefe, for we
Pray for Your Health, yet blame the Remedy:
Be then Your pangs so easie here, that none
Think You Deliver'd, when they see a Sonne:
May Children steale from You, and You not spye
They are brought forth, untill You hear'em crye:
That Your Posterity may hence forth come
The Issue, not the Labour of Your Wombe.

H. RAMSAY of Ch. Ch.

Most Gracious QUEENE.

IN those designes Heav'n plac'd above us, we,
Dare not engage our Thoughts. This Misterie
Of Your escape, or how Y^e have dealt with th^e Powrs,
Bestowing that on them, was destin'd Ours,
We must not Question; What Gods and Kings doe
Silence commands: our Actions, and Thoughts too.

But that those Powrs were stealing from us now
You in a dreame, which therefore Crown'd Your Brow,
That having gain'd Your Lovely Infant, They
Might get the Casket too where that Price lay;
Would we durst say twas Cruell, but wee'l give
No bad names to your Fate whiles You survive,
Wee'le Court your Starres, and praise those greater Powrs
That have bin pleas'd to lengthen out your houres,
Making this time Your second Birth, and Owe
A larger Tribute then our Powes, although
We eas'ly guesse 'twas Heav'ens decreed intent
Only t^e oblige us more, that You being sent,
And once more giv'n to us, we might againe
Think that the Gods bestow another Chayne
Vpon Your Throne -----

----- Which may it ever stand
Firme link't and guided by the stediest hand
Of the most Pure, and best Intelligence,
Which may both Light and Favours still dispence
On You their fairest Object, till their Rayes,
Which alwayes dwell upon You, end your dayes

Ex-

CHARISTERIA.

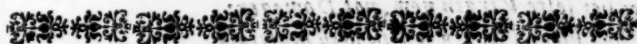
*Extracting You from hence, which sure we may
Not feare, although T'are knowne the Purest Clay
Heav'n has on earth. God keeps the fairest things
Below, to minte shapes thence for future Kings.*

H. BENET Ch. Ch.



WHen first our Queene was fruitfull, she did bring
A Sonne, his Father living yet, a King
Much greater then Himselfe now is : And since
She brought a Duke, three Ladies, and a Prince,
All theſe to Rule on earth, and then did we
Give thanks for Child-birth, not Delivery.
But now the Theame is chang'd, for't may be ſayd
The Queenes deliver'd now, not brought a bed.
The reaſon is ſhe's pregnant, ſhe hath giv'n
Thoſe Children vnto earth, this vnto Heav'n.
It is no wonder if ſhe now did faint:
She Travail'd then with Child, now with a Saint.

E. YORKE



Great QUEENE,

Your bleſſings doe prevent our prayers, and we
Need now no Newes of your Deliverie.
The fruitfull method of your Wombe is knowne
So well, we heare You hit her when You groane,

Musam Orationisum

*And can discourse how much the Queene doth need
Of her just time before shee's brought a bed,
Without a letter from my Lord at Court:
We now are taught by custome, not Report:
Each birth begins a season, and we are
Instructed by the Royall Calendar:
Thus does our Queene by every groane or smile
Shower downe each yeare new blessings on this Ile,
Inriching neighbouring Kingdomes too, who come
T'admire the wealthy Offsprings of her Wombe:
Her owne Great Lady Mother now may sit
And see her selfe, but in a fayrer sheet;
And may print out each limbe, say this was Hers,
This Forhead was her Royall Grandfathers,
When Mighty CHARLES shall over hearing cry
All these are but my Selfes Epitomy:
As in the lesser Diamond there do's lye
All the contracted rayes of Majestie,
So shall He find at last that this small Print
Expreses every Princely Image in't,
Yet nothing of Him lost: his Queene can bring
Beauty enough to portraitt every King:
Great Catharine may in this Infant here
See her selfe Virgin now, not Dowager:
While blessed MARY still shall multiply,
To shew that Kings and Queenes can never dye.*

HUMPHRY HULL M. A. of
Ch. Ch.

Most

CHARISTERIA.

Most Gracious Queene.

TO whom all that w^e enjoy as good, we owe
(Rich fountaine whence alone true blessings flowe)
Grant leave our thick and numerous joyes t^e expresse,

Lest we be stifled with our happinesse.
Your royall pledges in such measure streame
That to recount them is too great a theame;
Our kingdomes hope, Your Prisⁿer, was set free
To know no other bonds but Soveraigntie,
Not long You gave his royall brother too
To shew the strength of kingdomes lay in You.
Then You brought forth those darlings of delight
Who sooner learne to conquer, then to fight.
Thus doe the King and You create each other,
Hee's Father made, and You the kingdomes Mother:
Those joyes are great: most glad we ought to be
For this your safe, and owne delivery.

CHARLES MAY Art. Bac. Ioan.

Your pardon, Royall Madam, if we dare
Conceive Your selfe new-borne, the kindomes Heyre;
Still at your other mighty Births w^e have scene
A prince Brought forth, now we receive a Queene:
When Mothers feele such double pangs, sure we
May call That Day their owne Nativity:

Musarum Oxoniensium

*Thus Venus liv'd from th' Waters, not that these
Gave Her a Birth, but that she scap't the seas;
Shipwrack was all her life, dash't ore with Feares,
Borne in no other waters, but Her Teares.*

*Thus You, the Fayrer Goddesse doe obtaine
A New life, the hard Ransome of your paine.*

*We challenge the French Annalls Now, and doe
Owe you so farre to claime your Birth. day too;
All Rescue is a kind of life; thus fame*

*May to our Chronicle adopt your Name,
Your single Name, which, though Alone, can give
Annalls to th' Book, and make all stories live.*

*We blesse our Starrs, though Cruell now, and doe
Forget the Childs death whilst we Looke on You;*

*This is our Ioy, snatcht ev'n from Fate to have
Your Selfe secure, whilst we behold a Grave;*

*This, thus alone Redeemes all Teares, unlesse
Some Teares yet fall only our Ioyes to dresse,*

*As in Your owne fayre Picture we have scene
The Beauty more, some shadow drawne betweene:*

*Sadnesse is Treason now; a Teare or Sigh
Mournes not the Dead, but makes vs fitt to Dy.*

*Thus, Mighty Queene, that You no way may bring
Sadnesse to vs, or Griefe upon our King,
Your Safety once discover'd, we all doe
Find how to boast ev'n in Your Sad Births too.*

W. TOWERS. of Ch. Ch.

These

CHARISTERIA.



T Hese your past griefes (Dread Queen) were not your ^(own)
Each sigh you breathd was as your kingdomes groan.
Let your Physitians summe up of what yeares

Our Albion is: then comment on our feares:

No weaknesse can assaile you, but we all

Dread it as Englands Climactericall.

Good Princes are the Pulses of the state,

And by their temper we divine its fate.

But as we sufferd in you, so your health

Is the recovery of the common-wealth.

And henceforth publike thanks must mention,

(With our escape from the Invasion,

And Faux) Our safety after this fear'd chance

Of Child-birth, as our Third Deliverance.

Take comfort yet, Great Mother, (for Queenes are

Not Mothers only vnto those they beare)

This losse is but delay, since still we've here

The same Mold, and the same Artificer.

You can new cast a Prince: what you bring forth

Next, to repay this, shall be Twins in worth.

RICH. PAYNTER. Ioan.



M Other of Saints and Princes! we are come
Not to bewaile the Deare Losse of your Wombe,
Which now is nurs'd i'th' Milky-way, and sent
To be the Virgin-Barre i'th' Firmament:

Our

Musarum Oxoniensium

Our pens drop Thanks instead of Griefe; This verse
Doth celebrate your Churching, not Her Hearse.
'Tis vaine to weepe for what we're Cry'd, or be
All Teares, cause th' eyes are clos'd which scarce could see.
'Tis your New Birth we gratulate; 'Tis lesse
Disaster to loose Hope, then Happinesse.
We heare that you that gave the Princeesse breath
Had almost by example taught her Death.
As valiant Captaines, who when they espye
Now way to conquer, lead their Troupes to dye:
And with a noble Pride, even in their Falls
As well as march, become the Generalls.

But 'twas Heavens Providence, or husbandrie
To prune away the Twig, and spare the Tree.
What though some Flowres are stifled in the Birth,
Our comfort is that we have still the Earth.
A graine is lost, the Mine yet liueing: Who
Thinks not an Element lesse losse then You?
For if compared, fire and water be
But for Convenience, You Necessitie.
Alas should you have died, Our King would misse
More then a warme embrace, or chaster kisse.
Men by his rule are governd: But what Law
Should Woemen guide? You only are their Awe.
Such is your Temp'rance, that you ne're are sick
But when you teeme, You're nearest Death when Quick.
The Kingdomes Good's Your Ill, and we may please
To call his Majesty your chiefe disease.
Sicknesse to others is as Punishment,
To You alone it is a Blessing sent.

Your

Musarum Oxoniensium

To force a life from Death, and Death to life.
Durst I here marry Clouds to the Suns rayes,
Or plant my Cypresse-sprigs in stemms of Bayes;
Could I vent Ioyes and griefes in the same breath,
And strike a friendly League twixt life and Death,
Then teares might flow in smiles, and Numbers groane
To crowne Lifes Triumph, and Death's frozen stone;
A Poets Wit and Madnesse then might dreame
Something to fit this Quickning Killing Theame:
Dull Prose, and merry Verse might then conspire
In the same brest to quench and Kindle fire.
These contradictions Truths must all be had,
To make a Sober Poet, and yet Mad.

My Thoughts are here divided, let me crave
This freedom, To divide the Court and 'Grave:
Ile play with Griefe, and so my thoughts beguile,
First drop a Teare, then drye it with a Smile.
And these dimme Lines, (As Twins of the same Wombe,
One's for a Crowne perhaps, One for a Tombe;
Some I wish smother'd, and the rest but seene,
One's for the Mother, another for the Queene.

Mother of Kings and Kingdomes, your sad eyes
Have fully payd the mournfull Obsequies
Due to your sleeping Babe; now sigh no more,
'Tis not a single Losse can make you Poore:
Nor, is it Lost, but Mov'd, 'twere vaine to feare
A starre were fall'n, 'cause unseen in our Spheare:
'Tis only quittanc'd from one Puffe of Breath,
We die in sleepe, and it but sleepes in Death.

The

CHARISTERIA.

*The dearest Mother findes no cause to weep,
When her child's gone to th' Nurse, or laid to sleep:
Cradles are but Roc'kt Graves, what difference stands
Betwixt a winding-sheet, and swathing Bands!
The Babe will quickly wake and smile, 'till then
Forget the Mother, and be Queene agen.*

*Thanks to that powerfull Hand (on bended Knee)
Which gave at once double delivery.
Our Griefes hung heavy, and our feares did give
A greater woe then we could heare and live.
Methinks a Treason's over, somethings gon
Worse then the Scotish fear'd Rebellion.
If a Prince languish 'tis a Publique Moane,
Whole Kingdomes labour if a Queene but groane.
A Hand or Foot, a Legge or Arme may lie
Damp't with a Palsie, and the Whole not die;
If once the Heart but tremble, or the Head
Feele the least Pang, all the whole Body's dead.
We have surviv'd our Teares, and smile againe,
So a quick Beame does guild the Falling Raine:
Thus have I seen a dull and gloomy Day
Rescu'd from Night by a cloud-breaking Ray;
So when a shower is past we gladly peep
Through Pearely drops upon the Red-rose cheek;
Where if the churlish storme has left a stain,
One gentle Gale will breath it fresh againe:
View your Great Charles, there paraphrase a while,
You'l find my Comment in his Gracious smile.
Then to your lesser Books, your A B C
And pretty Primars of your Infancy,*

Musarum Oxoniensium

*There may you spell your own Eternity,
And layes --- numberlesse.*

*I crave Poëtique Licence for this wrong
That verse is drawn too Short, the rest too Long.*

R. BRIDEOAKE. M. Art. N. C.

~~~~~  
**V**Nhappy, Cruell fate which late did'st play  
Death, and the Midwife both within one day.  
What if a Mother give her Babe some breath  
By dying halfe, wouldst put them both to Death?  
If thou wert just, or from the Gods wert sent  
Thou would'st not deale so in thy punishment.  
What? doe the High, and Low seem one to thee,  
That thou presum'st so much on Majestie?  
Be not to bold, but promise to repent,  
Lest that our Muses bid thee banishment.  
Blest shall those powers be which from this paine  
Restor'd Queene MARY to her health againe!  
Still may She fruitfull be in her sweet Race,  
And run hereafter a more gentle pace!  
That so the world may still rejoyce to see  
Her bringing forth a timely Progenie.

JOHN HARRIS. N. C. Schol.

Lucinas

## CHARISTERIA.

Great QUEENE,

**L**Vcinas rites perform'd, your Pangs orecome,  
Our Loyall feares brought forth too through your  
We still are full, and by a lawfull Rape (Wombe.  
After Your Travell, and Your blest Escape,  
Strive to beget in your most sacred Brest  
New, and like Issues of soft Peace, and Rest,  
Which You together with Your Subjects may  
Ever bring forth, and yet no Midwife say  
Your Bosome's freed, a Progeny so pure  
Be alwayes hatching, and yet still mature.  
As from Your Vertues, and Your safeties blisse  
Our Soveraignes Love, & still most fruitfull kisse,  
Your Subiects dayly take new births, so still  
May you Conceave in Your most Virgin Will  
Rich streames of Comfort from Chast Loyalty,  
Give amply still, and yet want no Supply.  
But to produce Ioyes thus 'twixt Throne and State,  
Be't Natures Businesse, not the Worke of Fate.

IOHN LOWEN. of Ch. Ch.

**M**Adam, Your Goodnesse has been such, that we  
Dare now make inrode on Your Privacie,  
Ev'n where Your Ladies may not: nay more, where  
Great CHARLES himself, as yet, may not appeare,

## Musarum Oxoniensium

Close to Your Curtaines side: 'tis there we prie,  
(Scholars have Patent for absurditie: )  
But who's so foolish bashfull, as to misse,  
And never make enquiry of his Blisse?  
What wastfull Vnthrif would contented be  
To loose his All at once, and never see  
What way it pass'd: This is the case with us:  
Loyalty still makes men sollicitous.  
True Love is full of jealousies: our Feares  
Suggested Panick terrors to our Eares:  
(Thanks to the Gods they were so) the Fame spread  
Confus'dly, of a Child-birth, Queene, and Dead:  
Now had this been a currant Totall, then  
W' had been undone, who now are Rich agen.  
For why? it is a farre more welcome sight,  
To see the Cradle mourne, the Child-bed white.

RALPH HARE Mag. Coll. Com.



**H**Ave you observ'd a doubtfull face,  
Whose lookes the cunning Painter ha's  
Exprest a riddle, that toget her  
Youl'd think it smile and weepe, yet neither?  
So shap'd we seeme, in whom appeare  
Some wrinkles from your losse, our feare:  
But those too sweetned, so to be  
Deliver'd by your deliv'ry.  
If from our eyes a teare chance fall,  
More joy or grieve none may it call.

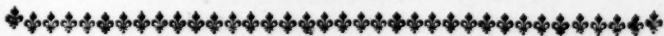
Or

## CHARISTERIA.

Or if so in our Passion  
Be not a true division,  
And that the ballance stand not streight,  
Our joyes are weighty, our hearts light.  
We may endure the Budde be nipt,  
And th' tender Branch (though soone) be stript,  
So we enioy the stock; next spring  
May fresher budde, and branches bring.  
So whilst on \* Henry why hee'd have  
Yong Edward \* rescu'd from the grave,  
And, crose to him, why Heav'n should chuse  
To spare you, whilst on this we muse,  
We wonder not, but think it then  
Best save a Prince, and now a Queene.

\* Henr. 8;  
\* Ed. 6.

R. CARY C.C.C.



**G**reat Queene, the winter which still feare did bring,  
To our amazed soules, thawes by a spring  
Drawne from your Rayes; You first were our disease,  
And restlesse torment, now our happy ease.  
Pardon the Loyall heat which warmes each brest,  
And bids that grieve farewell, that would contest  
And murmure for a copies losse, when we  
Enjoy the Arche-type's Integrity.  
The picture is not rated as the face,  
Which can be multiplyed, when that decays:  
The int'rests losse is not a losse at all,  
If we escape safe with the Principall.  
We must be just, and put it on the score  
Of choicest blessings that Fate did no more.

T. DALE. M. A. Univ. Col.





THE PRINTERS CLOSE.

Most gracious QUEENE

**G**REAT Ioyes and Griefs are dumbe, Poets may vent  
Their sighs in different Language, I'm content  
(Who never lov'd to speak more then my owne)

In English not to write my mind, but groane.  
Your Priests their vowes have on this Altar payd;  
I doe but Echoe out what they have said:  
They offer up some Teares mingl'd with smiles,  
So in the Gaudie Bow sweet light beguiles  
The sadnesse of the Cloud: here you may find  
Something to Greive; something to Please your mind:  
As in a little Orchard you may view  
Here Bayes and Roses, Cypresse there and Yew.  
I like a Mourner doe not weare, but write  
My Riband. favours thus in black and white.  
My Presse hath teem'd, yet may the same sad Fate  
That wrought your grieffe, make me unfortunate,  
Vnlesse you please to cast a gracious eye  
On that, which by your lookes must live, or dye.



LEONARD LICHFIELD.

FINIS.

